

old: certaine thee's old: and had Robin Night-werke, by old Night-werke, before I came to Clements Inne.

*Sil.* That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

*Shal.* Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

*Falst.* Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir John, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

*Bul.* Good Master Corporall Bardolph, stand my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

*Bard.* Go too: stand aside.

*Mould.* And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir.

*Bard.* Go too: stand aside.

*Feeble.* I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quiet for the next.

*Bard.* Well said, thou art a good fellow.

*Feeble.* Nay, I will beare no base minde.

*Falst.* Come sit, which men shall I haue?

*Shal.* Foure of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calse.

*Falst.* Go too: well.

*Shal.* Come, sir John, which foure will you haue?

*Falst.* Doe you chuse for me.

*Shal.* Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calse, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Falst.* Mouldie, and Bull-calse: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-calse, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

*Falst.* Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master Shallow) Where's Wart? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Woman's Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

*Falst.* Come, manage me your Calyuer: so very well, go too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shor. Well said Wart, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tetter for thee.

*Shal.* Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagenet in Arthurs Show: there was a little quier fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would hee come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

*Falst.* These fellows will doe well; Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you. I must a dozen mile to night, Bardolph, giue the Souldiers Coates.

*Shal.* Sir John, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visite my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-adventure I will with you to the Court.

*Falst.* I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go too: I haue spoke at a word, Fare you well.

*Falst.* Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen, On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shallow. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talke as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and he be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshalls men, I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue trust'd him and all his Apparrell into an Ele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoebay was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now haue hee Land, and Becues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colenile.*

*Bisb.* What is this Forrest call'd?  
*Hast.* 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your Grace.  
*Bisb.* Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

*Hast.* Wee

*Hast.* Wee haue sent forth alreadie.  
*Bisb.* 'Tis well done.

*My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)*

*I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd*

*New-dated Letters from Northumberland:*

*Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.*

*Here doth hee with his Person, with such Powers*

*As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,*

*The which hee could not leuie: whereupon*

*Hee is retr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,*

*To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,*

*That your Attempts may ouer-live the hazard,*

*And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.*

*Now Thus do the hopes we haue in him, tough ground,*

*And dash themselves to pieces.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now? what newes?

*Mess.* West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,

*In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:*

*And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number*

*Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.*

*Now. The iust proportion that we gaue them out,*

*Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.*

*Enter Westmerland.*

*Bisb.* What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

*Mow.* I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

*West.* Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,

*The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.*

*Bisb.* Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:

*What doth concerne your coming?*

*West.* Then (my Lord)

*Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse*

*The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion*

*Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,*

*Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,*

*And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:*

*I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,*

*In his true, native, and most proper shape,*

*You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)*

*Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme*

*Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,*

*With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,*

*Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,*

*Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,*

*Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,*

*Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,*

*The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.*

*Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,*

*Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,*

*Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?*

*Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,*

*Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine*

*To a lowd Trumppet, and a Point of Warre.*

*Bisb.* Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.

*Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,*

*And with our surfering, and wanton howres,*

*Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,*

*And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,*

*Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.*

*But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)*

*I take not on me here as a Physician,*

*Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,*

*But as a Friend to Peace,*

*And as a Friend to Peace,*

*And as a Friend to Peace,*

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*And as a Friend to Peace,*

*Troope in the Thronges of*

*But rather shew a while list*

*To dyet ranke Mindes, full*

*And purge th'obstruction*

*Our very Veines of Life:*

*I haue in equall ballance*

*What wrongs our Arms may*

*And finde our Griefes heauie*

*Wee see which way the stre*

*And are enforc'd from our*

*By the rough Torrent of*

*And haue the summarie of*

*(When time shall serue) to*

*Which long ere this, wee*

*And might, by no Suit, gay*

*When wee are wrong'd, ar*

*Wee are deny'd access vnto*

*Even by those men, that m*

*The dangers of the dayes*

*Whose memorie is written*

*With yet appearing blood*

*Of euerie Minutes instanc*

*Hath put vs in these ill-be*

*Not to breake Peace, or any*

*But to establish here a Peac*

*Concurring both in Name*

*West.* When euer yet we

*Wherein haue you beene*

*What Peere hath beene su*

*To lay a heauie and vnequ*

*Of forg'd Rebellion, with*

*Bisb.* My Brother gene

*I make my Quarrell, in par*

*West.* There is no neede

*Or if there were, it not bel*

*Mow.* Why not to him

*That feeles the bruises of t*

*And suffer the Condition*

*To lay a heauie and vnequ*

*West.* O my good Lord

*Continue the Times to the*

*And you shall say (indeed*

*And not the King, that doe*

*Yet for your part, it not*

*Either from the King, or i*

*That you should haue an y*

*To build a Griefe on: we*

*To all the Duke of Norfol*

*Your Noble, and right wel*

*Mow.* What thing, in H

*That need to be reuiu'd, an*

*The King that lou'd him, as*

*Was forc'd, perforce comp*

*And then, that Henry Enli*

*Being mounted, and both*

*Their neighing Coursers d*

*Their armed Stauces in cha*

*Their eyes of fire, sparklin*

*And the lowd Trumppet bl*

*Then, then, when there wa*

*My Father from the Brea*

*O, when the King did thro*

*(His owne Life hung vpon*

*Then threw hee downe him*

*That by Indisment, and b*

*Haue since mis-carried v*

*g g*